

Maternal Instinct

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Maternal Instinct

by [Aguagi](#)

Summary

There's no greater love than a parent has for their child.

Notes

From a headcanon that Ryuuko's life fibers came from both Ragyou and the original life fiber (immune system theory), and a statement from a panel coordinator in a con I recently attended, in regards to Trigger's villains being unique ("[Ragyou is]... a different take on the protective mother bear [stereotype/trope]..."). Written when I was working there (because I didn't have to give people Febreze showers at 2 in the morning).

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The babe currently nestled in the crook of her arm sleeps soundly, lightly wrapped within silken blankets of swan white and sky blue. Long, finely-manicured nails run through the growing mass of hair rampantly sprouting from her head, a single French tip tracing along the curve of a cashmere-soft bang and twirling it around its base, pleased when the underside dimly glowed a soft crimson in response to her touch.

She brushed the tufts of dark blue forward with a careful palm, the infant craning her head with the motion and inadvertently exposing the ghost of the jagged scar the ran down the length of the better part of her neck. She smiled, cat-like, the pad of a finger stroking where raised tissue that darkened and bunched together was long-gone, edges faded to a healthy pink with *unnatural* speed even before the better part of *that* day passed. And she woke.

She opened her little mouth in a tiny yawn then, half-lidded eyes blinking slowly in the multicolored motes of light that drifted past her face. Her head moved, sleepily taking in the sight of tall white columns stretching as far as the eye could see, endless panes of multicolored glass bathing the entire interior a cavalcade of rainbows, with shades and hues and chromatic collisions as extensive as one could imagine bouncing off the polished surface of the floor making this expansive structure something straight out of a fairy tale.

Ragyou tugged at the blankets, easing them free from the child's upper half and allowing her easier access to her face. She inspected her eyes, pleased when the faintest glimmers of glittering red twinkled in and out of existence in the dim lighting, eight tiny, hair-thin fractures slowly growing in neat equidistant lines away from the darkened center like cartoonish sunbeams. Such abnormalities would cause *normal* , lesser beings to shun her immediately, to throw her away and leave her to the mercy of fates and elements like the freak they thought she was.

But Hanako Kiryuuin was special. For within her tiny body, an alien life lay.

Growing.

Thriving.

Melding with every tissue in her body, transforming her into something greater than the pitiful excuses that humanity was could ever hope for.

Oh, she thought she had failed again, just as she had so many months ago when she foolishly tried to join her firstborn with glorious threaded life. She cursed the weakness present in human bodies despite the generous contribution her genes made, how the nature of these dumb, pitiable livestock was able to corrupt her daughters so! She thought such a dream to bestow upon her children the greatest gift mankind had yet to truly appreciate was foolish!

Impossible , even! And she had given up all hope and dismissed the very notion altogether, ready to turn her back and push the garbage disposal button on what would be a failure, nine months of work wasted.

And then...

She woke. **Reborn.**

Her soft cries permeating the thick glass of the infusion chamber, she caught her attention before she could even rip her gaze away from the dizzying assortment of red-flashing dials and beeping monitors in disgust, wicked hope blossoming beautifully within her mangled heart and setting off a beautiful cascade of excited speculation on her husband's part. And she remembered personally unhooking her from the clamps and hooks that held her suspended, watching along with Souichirou the long slit cut along the curve of her neck as life fibers grew and wormed its way through tissues, slowly but surely mending the wound shut all the while.

That was a little less than two years ago.

Since then, they've been inspired to do more. Work harder, faster, all but drowning themselves in piles of printed data stacked high to the ceiling. So much developments in life fiber biology and biotechnology had been made that both parents rarely had time for themselves or their children. And when they did, they made sure that it was spent in a manner befitting that of the Kiryuuin line.

Such as now.

Hanako recognized the face of her mother and softly cooed in adoration, a tiny hand escaping from loosely wrapped folds to reach up to it. And, to humor her, she raised the cloth bundle, allowing a soft palm to brush along the sleek slope of her jaw with shaky, uncertain movements. Satisfied, Hanako dropped her arm when her mother let her gently rest her tiny head against a shoulder, pressing it deep in an instinctive bid to snuggle against her warmth. Burbbling happily, clumsy precursors of what would become the highest forms of praise in mere years were uttered, "ma...ma" joined with abstract thoughts of childish devotion turning into something akin to outright *worship* . Resting a chin on navy tresses, Ragyou allowed a sly, wicked grin to grace glossy lips, holding her that much tighter above her heart.

The heart, laced in fibers, beating in synchronicity with another, newly-created one. Her fibers, permanently marking her child, bestowing the honorable titles of heiress and daughter-of-Ragyou. Fibers both familiar and foreign, mere increments apart, pulsing beneath skin as if longing to truly touch each other. To connect wholly and truly once more. To meld and join and fuse until they were one being, a glorious amalgamation made without wax.

And above it all, a single, selfish thought.

They truly were two halves of a whole. Mirror images. Yin and yang, like and unlike, yet not quite.

She will be hers to keep.

Lithe fingers soothingly stroked the length of her spine, rubbing circles at its base with the soft of a thumb. Hanako shifted, deferentially allowing her touch and wadding the expensive white material of her mother's clothing in tiny fists, seeking to lie even closer against her. The sleek curve of a small fang caught the tawny light and glistened, Ragyou's grin thinning and becoming monstrous. Predatory.

Hers. **Forever.**

Already, she was starting to show traits resembling her in manners far past the life fibers they shared. It showed in the shape of their chins and noses, the sets of their eyes, even the way their hair seemed to defy the notion of gravity - physics be damned - in haphazard growth. It was painted in bold, noisy colors to anyone she met, ancient and powerful bloodline surging in her veins undeniably tying them together in more ways than one.

What was that phrase again?

Ah, yes.

Like mother, like daughter.

Trading stroking touches for a gentle but firm press between shoulder blades, Ragyou relaxed, envisioning a future she *knew* the entire Kiryuuin clan would come to share with her.

She would grow up alongside her older sister, Satsuki, willing and enthusiastic stewards in the service of the life fibers, crushing all those that stood in their path. They would ensure their spread, reigning over the pitiable masses as their rightful leader alongside her. When Hanako would come of age and the glory of the life fibers fully overtook her unfortunately human half, she would ascend to something akin to a goddess with the blessing of the Primordial itself. Satsuki would be nothing less despite her lamentable incompatibility with

the divine beings, lording over entire empires as their sole ruler through sheer power and will.

And she Ragyou, would be at their side every step of the way.

Guiding them.

Nurturing them.

Raising them.

After all, a good mother carefully looks after their young and ensures nothing but the best for them.

Don't they?

End Notes

Hanako - “Flower Child”, because of Blumenkranz (flower crown), Ragyou’s theme song. Alternate names considered include Shoma (jumping up to catch the truth), Masumi (true purity), Kiyoko (pure child), Hidéyo (superior generations), and Toshi (mirror image).

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